il and Bridport. mail from north, York, Rutland and Albany.

wall and Bridport,
Closed mail for Boston and Rutland, 3 40 P. M.
Tosed mail for New York and Albany, 7 45 P. M.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

Congregational—Corner Pleasant and Main staRev. E. P. Hooker, pastor. Sunday services at
10: 45 Am. and 7: 30 P. M. Thursday verning prayer
meeting at 7: 30.

Methodist—North Pleasant at Rev. W. H. Rowsom, pastor. Sunday services at 10: 45 Am. and
7: 30 P. M. Thursday evening prayer meeting at
7: 30. Class meeting on Friday evening at 7: 30.

Episcopal—St. Stephen's Church—Mainest.

and 3: 00 P.M.

Roman Cathelic—Weybridge at. Rev. P. Cunningham, pastor. Sunday services, alternate Sabbattle, High Mass at 10: 00 Am., Venpers and benediction at 6: 50 P.M.

EAST MIDDLEBURY.

Hathodist—Rev. H. Vandecar, paster. Sunday

VERGENNES.

Bopilet - Rev. Charles Hibbard, pastor. Services in town hall. Sunday services at 10:45 A.M. and 7:30 P.M. Weekly prayer meeting on Thursday evening at 7:30.

Methodistic - Rev. H. N. Munger, pastor. Sunday services at 1:30 and 7:30 P.M. Weekly prayer meeting on Thursday evening at 7:30.

Episcopal - St. Pan's Church - Rev. C. I. Chapin, rector. Sunday services at 10:45 A.M. and 7:30 P.M. Friday evening at 7:30.

Mission Chaptel - Dr. H. A. Ingham. Sunday services at 10:45 A.M. and 7:35 P.M. Weekly prayer meeting on Thursday evening.

Roman Catholic - Rev. P. Cunningham, pastor. Services, atternate Subbaths, High Miss at 10:00 A.M., Vespers and benediction at 6:0 P.M. Contropational - Rev. George E. Hall, pastor. Sunday services at 10:45 A.M. and 7:30 P.M. Weekly prayer meeting on Thursday evening at 7:30.

BUSINESS CARDS.

W. H. KINGSLEY, - DENTIST.
Up stairs in Styles' new Block,
MIDDLEBURY, VT.

McLEOD & SMITH .-CLAIM AGENTS, Middlebury, Vt. E. E. SMITH.



Middlebury

be the most wretched part of it all."

Register.

VOL. XLII.

MIDDLEBURY, VT., JULY 20, 1877.

To a Bird. BY A. H. MILLS.

Come to my window, miracle of song! Come from thy haunts within the shelter

Where, in the early apring time thou dost of To nest and build within its cosy bowers

Through all the valley are those strains mad

Through all the long and glowing days Have oft resounded to thy merry lay.

The full, rich offering of a heart in tune

Sing on sweet bird, in all thy native glee, And still entrance us with thy charming voice sing on, and henceforth let me learn of thee Through every change and season to rejoice.

MARGARET.

A corridor at the end of one wing of a large rambling house in the north of England, a barred window, and a closed door. In the passage a fair haired girl with the light of indescribable pity in her dove-like eyes, kneeling upon the boards and pushing biscuits and sweetmeats underneath the ill-fitting door, which disappeared as fast as they were placed there, showing that there were human hands to seize them on the other side. Within, another girl as other side. Within, another girl as young as the first—not twenty, certainly—groveling on the floor like a wild beast, with dark, disheveled hair almost beast, with dark, disheveled hair almost hiding the spark of insanity that deserciated her glorious eyes, and devouring the precious morsels that her visitant placed within her reach, with the avidity of a hungry child. The room in which she crouched was not comfortless, but had evidently been prepared for the reception of such inmates, and the carefully guarded window and cushioned walls showed that the mansion in which it was situated was occupied by one who made it the business of his life to receive such unfortunates into his professional care. In plain words, a

TH. McCEOD.

S. CHANDLER, PENSION

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ADDISON HOUSE LIVERY STA
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Timinake on short notice. Prices reasonable.

Out of the Sunfortunates into his professional care. In plain words, a private lunatic asylum.

Wales into the conservatory with her then only a then, if she chooses.

Nevertheless, the chill comes back to the new things, with the dark cloud of tampled hair thrown back from the look of tatention passes of the same and the soft was a private lunatic asylum.

The soft, clear voice was not unheard, for Leah Fourier and the conservatory and Arthur Ashton are all left behind. He found that he could be propose that he should spend two of taking her home. So their good-bye looks was down again on the floor, and the softly-set lips, that seemed made only to shape love's whispers, murmured strengths with the soft voice and the could recover it—but studied to the conservatory with the result unatic asylum.

Nevertheless, the chill comes back to then, if she chooses.

Nevertheless, the chill comes back to the new then, if she chooses.

Nevertheless, the chill comes the then, if she chooses.

Nevertheless, the chill come in the look of a transmitted girl outside, "do you know that I love you?"

The soft, clear voice was not unheard, for a moment her head for a moment her head was ablowed then, if she chooses.

Nevertheless, the chill come, if the fourier may take all the footine in the hen, if she chooses.

Nevertheless, the chill cen, if she chooses.

Nevertheless, the chill cen, if she chooses.

Nevertheless, the chill cen, if she chooses.

Nevert

"Well? of course she is," he answers in not quite so even a voice. "Why should she not be well?"

Margaret's heart turns sick with the horrible apprehension that he has already learned to suspect a reason why. "I only meant that I should be very glad to see her," she answers, in what she strives to make her natural voice. "Will you tell her so from me?"

"You knew her before that time you came to stay with us, did you not?" he asks, looking at her with a keen, inquir-Leah Fourier is singing Si tu savais, and Arthur Ashton is leaning over the piano, looking into her magical eyes with an expression—well, which would mean a good deal with some men, but which is merely a graceful courtesy, Margaret tries to believe, with Arthur Ashton. She has been at Llwyn-ymawr a fortnight now, and has found Leah Fourier almost as constant an inmate of the house as herself. But then, as Arthur said, the girls are mad about her, and there certainly is an enchantment somewhere in her glowing face. asks, looking at her with a keen, inquir-ing glance. "Why did you never tell

"Yes; that is, I met her years ago," answers Margaret, hesitating. "I did not think she remembered me; but I knew her again as soon as I saw her." ment somewhere in her glowing face, before which few are able to stand. Bien sur, tu m'aimerais! she sings, and Margaret knows that the words would

years ago. She feels, rather than knows, that the past is not all a blank in Miss Fourier's brain, but no word of recognition has passed between the girls and it is plain at any rate, that nothing of that dreadful episode of Leah's life is suspected by the Ashtons. To Margaret herself, as she looks upon the other's proud imperious beauty, it seems as if her rememberance could be nothing but a dream; and yet it is almost a pain to think that so much of her pity in those by-gone days was wasted.

in those by-gone days was wasted.
Ten minutes—a quarter of an hour goes slowly by, and Leah saunters back into the drawing-room, with a spray of maidenhair in her hands and the pas-

maidennair in her hands and the pas-sion of her song still half slumbering in these deep mysterious eyes. "Mr. Ash-ton is going to be kind enough to see me home," she remarks generally for everybody's information, and Margaret feels the same sudden chill that had come to her the right before for the first come to her the night before for the first time, when her lover had undertaken the same surely unnecessary duty. It is almost a relief to her to remember that this is her last evening with the Ashtons, and that the next day Arthur is to take her back to London. Leah Fourier may take all the footmen in Wales into the conservatory with her

Catching a Grizzly.

There were four of us, well mounted you

Two nights before a big grizzly had killed a cow in a little canon opening into the arroyo at the foot of the mesa,

and the day before we had dragged what was left of the carcass about half a mile out into the mesa with our ristas. A rioto is a plaited rope made generally of four, sometimes of six strands of raw-hide, with a hard rawhide head, or loop

was apparently stronger and flercer than ever, while both ourselves and than ever, while both ourselves and horses were beginning to tire. Fastening the riatas securely by winding around the trees and tying, we sent Chapo to the house for an ox cart, chains and some aguadiente. Juan and I rode down to the water to drink. I had stooped for my first mouthful, when Felip called loudly for us to come—"Pronto! Pronto!" Thinking a rope had failed, we went on the keen run. We had left the bear on his back, legs extended, head free, and there he lay as we left him, but stone dead—dead of rage, not an uncommon occurence with rage, not an uncommon occurence with lassoed bears, but in this case, some-

ment somewhere in her glowing face before which few are able to stand. He should be a received a special property of the standard of the stand must recall to Leah's mind, and not in morning, and the quall commenced after the province of the control of th

his own—almost was gaining, when the boy reached him. Felipe made the first throw, went for a forefoot, but was hot and excited, caught head and leg together in the loop, which pulled tight across the neck, chest and under a foreshoulder. No horse could hold such a hold, and Felipe dropped the riata. Valiente tried for a hind leg, and missed it. Juan de Dios caught both hind feet and stopped him. As he doubled back and grabbed for the riata, I dropped my rope on a forefoot, and stretched it with all the force my horse could put on the riata. Ford: how I would like to have seen old Chapo and his musket for a minute. I knew that with the bear's head and one fore leg free, he'd soon get my tightly stretched rope in his mouth. Then good-bye riata.

There was some tall twisting and strengting.

Protection Against Lightning.

Mr. Nahum Capen has contributed nee more to the Boston Post a com-

by being secured together by coupling

2. To secure it from rust the rod should be coated with black paint, itself a good conductor.

ests of humanity are touched by it at so many points that any address must be cursory and lacking in completeness which attempts to cover more than a small part of the subject. And yet, ir one gives a single view of it, as to urge munication concerning lightning rods a concerning lightning rods received by him several years ago from Prof. Henry, of the Smithsonian Institute, whom he believes to be the highest authority on this subject. Prof. with all the power and elaboration of a est authority on this subject. Prof.
Henry makes suggestions as follows:

1. The rod should consist of round iron of about one inch in diameter; its parts, throughout the whole length, should be in perfect metallic continuity. Professional distribution of any other phase of the temporars work either at the time or one persons work either at the time or one persons. sider that discussion defective. Its ten-

Woman's Temperance Column. The Lord of Hosts is with us, the God

of Jacob is our refuge."

To the ladies of the Christian Temper-

It is not strange that a single discusion of the temperance subject should

eem to be incomplete and one-sided, for its phases are so manifold and the inter-

ance Union :

The control of the co